

This I Believe...Time Can Heal

“Once touched by the pain
You’re not the same
But time can heal
Your heart again”
- Celine Dion; *Fade Away*

When I finally came to terms with reality, when I relinquished all past memories, when I lowered my head to the inevitable destiny, when I realised there was nothing left to fight for - a renewed start, a fresh beginning. This is what time aided me in, letting me realise that perhaps, the most inexplicable and intangible things are what I hold truest to my heart.

Time, can heal.

I was seven when it first happened. Of course I did not expect it to happen; I was still living in my own childish world of fairytales. I had just been picked up by my parents after a rough first day of school and was yearning for reassuring comfort. Yet, when I entered the car, the first thing I noticed was the silence: the tense, sharp, silence. I could slice it with a knife, but I was caught in between, like a deer in the headlights. The five-minute drive home was one of the longest in my life. At home, things did not improve. They went about their own matters in silence, only talking to me, talking *through* me. I was small, but I understood - something was very wrong.

This continued for the next few years. They acknowledged each other only when they quarreled and argued. My brother and I spent most of our time in our rooms, me trying to distract him, him trying to distract me. We were our own shield against the battlefield within our family, our only protection against the avalanche of hurt. Very soon, I got used to the heavy blanket of silence that constantly hung over our home, an ominous thundercloud about to explode. I got used to creeping around the house as if I were invisible - stealthily, unnoticed. I got used to being the strong one, to comfort my brother when they quarreled, to protect him from the betrayal, to maintain his innocence. I got used to being a woodblock, mastering how to plaster a perfectly unreadable expression on my face. I got used to growing up at the age of seven. I got used to the pain.

It has been eight years since the first quarrel happened. Everything has changed - they live in separate homes, I have hardened my heart, my brother has closed his mind. We have all moved on in one way or another - become stronger, smarter, braver. Time has helped me deal with the pain, the hurt, the betrayal. It has not completely erased my anger but it has taught me how to control. Time has taught me how to suppress my emotions, to pick myself up after a fall, to cherish my friends, to protect my loved ones. Time has the power to rectify the wrong, to numb the pain, to piece back the world together again.

Time, has healed me.

This I believe.